ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

My appreciation to my niece Nang Kai (M.A. English), "Ba Kai" - in family circles, having read my rambling collection of notes, thought it worthwhile to compile and publish in book form. She has applied her excellent editing skills, polishing the notes and suggesting appropriate illustrations in the form of photos, newspaper cuttings, maps and diagrams, to further augment and authenticate my writings. My heartfelt thanks for her strenuous effort in the production of my memoirs.

A word of appreciation also to my dearest wife, Lahtaw Nang Pri, known affectionately to all her children and grandchildren as "KHAI, KHAI", who has been my graceful life partner and soul mate; rendering wise counsel, moderating my brash - nay at times - harsh ways in dealing with others, and ever supportive in all my religious endeavours.

MEMOIRS
OF
LAHPAI DUWA SHAN LONE

To

My children and grandchildren

"Silver and gold have I none; but such
as I have I hereby bequeath to you" -
This, my MEMOIRS
To serve as heritage throughout your life.

Ngài Nam Jafeng

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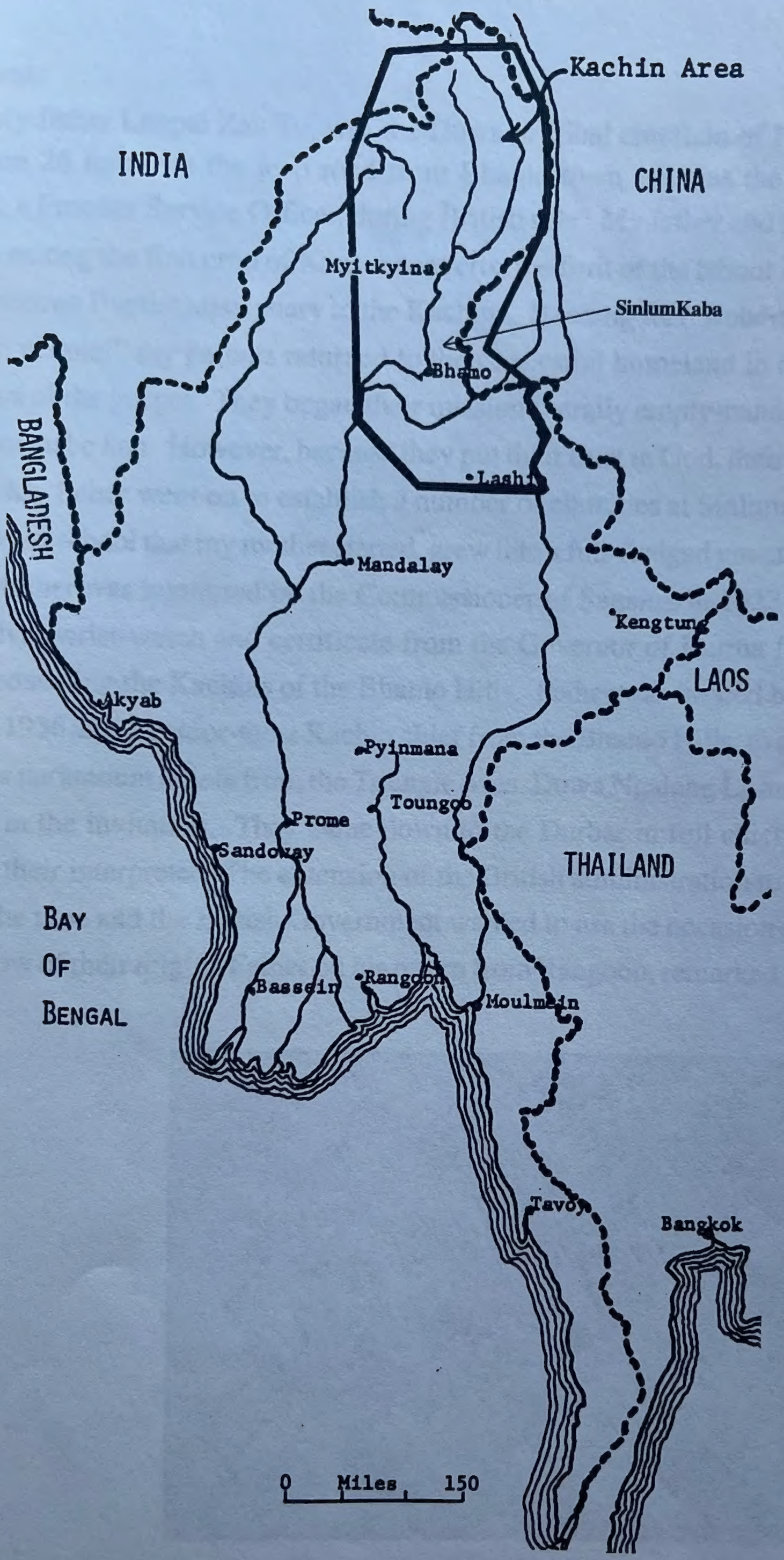

Kachin Area
INDIA
CHINA
Myitkyina
SinlumKaba
Bhamo
Lashio
BANGLADESH
Mandalay
Kengtung
LAOS
Akyab
Pyinmana
Toungoo
Prome
Sandoway
THAILAND
BAY
OF
BENGAL
Bassein
Rangoon
Moulmein
Tavoy
Bangkok
0 Miles 150

1

THE EARLY YEARS

My Parents

My father Lahpai Zau Tu, was the Duwa or tribal chieftain of Pangmu Sinlum Kaba, a lovely hill station 26 miles on the jeep road from Bhamo town. It was the headquarters of the Assistant Resident, a Frontier Service Officer, during British rule. My father and mother Sarama NangZing Hka Jan were among the first crop of Kachin converts, the fruit of the labour of Rev. William H. Roberts, an early American Baptist missionary to the Kachins. Heeding Rev. Roberts' admonition to "Go and save your own people!" my parents returned to their ancestral homeland in the Bhamo Hills, to spread the good news of the gospel. They began their mission literally empty-handed, for there was no assistance of any kind to be had. However, because they put their trust in God, their pioneering efforts were richly blessed. My father went on to establish a number of churches at SinlumKaba and its environs and the small modest school that my mother started, grew into a full-fledged government-funded primary school.

Mother was honoured by the Commissioner of Sagaing in 1923 at the Durbar in SinlumKaba with a silver wrist-watch and certificate from the Governor of Burma for her services in the pioneer work of educating the Kachins of the Bhamo Hills. Father was invited by the Governor, Sir Harcourt-Butler in 1936 as the senior-most Kachin chief from the Bhamo Hills, to attend the Durbar in Rangoon. Two other paramount chiefs from the Triangle Area, Duwa Ngalang La and Htingnan Gumja, were also included in the invitation. They came down to the Durbar in full chieftains' regalia, Sara M. Robin acting as their interpreter. The extension of the British administration to the Triangle Area was taking place at the time and the British Government wanted to use the occasion to bedazzle the Kachin chiefs with a show of their might. Father on his return from Rangoon, remarked that the "Bum Du ni" (British

My parents Duwa Lahpai Zau Tu and Sarama Nangzing HkaJan. In the background is the Hanson Memorial Church in Pangmu, Sinlum Kaba

Assistant Residents), who were lording it in the hills were for a change, at their beck and call for the duration of the Durbar.

Childhood Days

I was born about 2:00 a. m. on 17 May, 1910 at Pangmu, SinlumKaba. The fourth son of nine siblings ('Gam' and 'La' - first and third brothers) having died earlier, I am now the second son after 'Hpu Ji' (elder brother) Hkun Nawng - both of us still alive and well by the grace of God!

Mother suffered from serious stomach trouble for two months before I was born. Thus when born I was so tiny that my grandfather, 'Hkai Ji' Shadip Zau Li exclaimed, "Oh, only as big as a squirrel!" (Bai! Hkadu hka daram sha law ai wa i?). Nonetheless I had birth company in the form of three wee goats, one born under the house and the other two out in the front yard. So 'Hkai Ji' again said, "Zaw wang law law lu na wa she rai nga ai." - "He will have many fellow comrades with him."

School days at Bhamo

Mother told me that I was bright and talkative as a child. At the age of eleven I was sent to the Anglo-Vernacular 7-Standard School at Bhamo, boarding at the Kachin Vernacular School. I was placed in the care of Karen Saya Gyi U Kyaw Dwe, grandfather of Rev. C. Kyaw Dwe, Secretary of the Karen Baptist Convention. Before going to school every morning, I was given 10 pyas (a lot in those days) by Saya Gyi Kyaw Dwe for pocket money. I always stood first in Sunday School classes and received many prizes. At the age of fourteen, I was baptised at the pond in front of the Kachin School by Rev. Saya Shwe Soe. It was a very proud and happy occasion for me.

There is one scary incident that stands out in my childhood memories. One monsoon day when I was about twelve years old, I was on my way to our farm at U-Teng, when I saw some lichen sprouting on a tree trunk. So intent was I on picking the lichen, I failed to notice that the badly soiled tree trunk was almost rotting away. I started to climb the tree but before I could reach the lichen, the trunk suddenly gave way and I found myself falling down a deep ravine. It was a terrifying moment . At the bottom of the ravine was a stream with a swift, raging torrent. It was only through God's grace that my fall was stopped by a clump of bamboo which held my weight while I clambered to safety.

High School at Bassein

When I was about sixteen, while still in the 7th Standard, I began to feel restive and impatient with my schooling at Bhamo. So together with Lama Sang (Sara Lama Sang of Kutkai), I went to faraway Bassein, heart-land of the Delta Karens. I continued my studies at Nichol's High School (Sgaw Karen), from where Hpuji Hkun Nawng had earlier passed the 10th Standard. Messing at the boarding house was very poor, but I studied very hard and proved to be above other Karen students in the 7th Standard. Therefore I was admitted to a special class where lessons from the 8th Standard were also taught. In 1926 I passed the 7th Standard Government Examination with distinctions in English, History and Geography, standing third in the whole of Irrawaddy Division. I was consequently awarded a

government scholarship of Kyats 30 per month (a substantial amount in those days), tenable for three years. I was promoted to the 9th Standard straight away and finished my high school in just two years.

Judson College

At the age of 19, I entered Judson College and majored in arts subjects. I continued to receive the balance of one year's scholarship earned in High School. While in the Senior Inter Class I had serious cerebral malaria and was confined to the University Sanatorium for one whole month. But by the grace of God it had no adverse effect on my studies and I was able to pass the Senior Inter government examination without much difficulty. In college I took an active part in all sports, especially football and tennis. I was in the First Eleven of the college football team and was Class Captain of the Junior and Senior Bachelor classes. I was also the college singles tennis champion for two years in succession. (For a more detailed account of college life in those days, see Appendix I "To the Tender Memory of Judson College")

In 1934 I graduated with a Bachelor of Arts degree majoring in History, Political Science and Philosophy as the first Kachin to obtain a B.A. degree. My elder brother Khun Nawng had also graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree, being the first Kachin with a B. Sc. degree. All this went to my head and from that time on I became proud and conceited and my spiritual life declined.

After Graduation

After receiving my B.A. degree, I applied for a position with the Burma Frontier Service which was mainly the reserve of British nationals and Anglo-Indians. There were only three Burmese nationals in the Service then. Retrenchment in all government departments was taking place at that time and all recruitment to Class I Services was suspended. Thus I was not appointed and I felt very upset over it but Sir Booth-Graverly, the Chief Secretary to the government who interviewed me was very sympathetic as I was the son of a Kachin chieftain. So he recommended me for appointment to the Covenanted Forests Service with the Foucars Company which was equal in pay and benefits to the Frontier Service. I was immediately posted to Magwe Division Forests in the western ranges. But my parents did not approve of the appointment as it meant I would have to be away from the Kachin area. This ran contrary to their goal in educating us, which was to serve the Kachin people. So I reluctantly declined the lucrative offer and took up appointment instead as a Lower Division Clerk in the Home and Political Department of the Secretariat to receive training while awaiting appointment to the Frontier Service. With a starting pay of merely Kyats 75 per month I worked hard and was later promoted to an Upper Division post. After two years I was again promoted to the post of Office Superintendent with a salary of Kyats 320 per month, a high salary in those days.

Service in the Army

While working in the Secretariat I was selected from over 300 candidates to undergo military training at Mandalay Fort for four months. Only 45 people were selected from various government departments in Rangoon for this training. At the end of the training I was again selected to undergo

training for the Officer Cadet Course at Maymyo for three months. Only twelve Burmans were selected, three of whom were Kachins - Lahpai Zau June, Subedar Zau Gawng from the Myitkyina Frontier Force Battalion and myself. At the end of the Cadet Officer Course these two Kachins were not selected for commission. Likewise six other Burmans were not commissioned into the Army in Burma Reserve of Officers (ABRO) as Second Lieutenants. It was obvious that I was thus successful only through God's blessing and not of my own merit. At the end of the Maymyo training I was posted to the First Burma Rifles Battalion on a salary of Ks. 450 per month, including other allowances.

Big Game Hunting

While on leave from the Secretariat in Rangoon and before reporting for duty as an officer in the ABRO, I decided to spend some time with my elder brother Khun Nawng at Myitkyina. He was Inspector of Schools of Kachin State at that time and big game hunting was his favourite sport. He so regaled me with stories of his exploits that my interest in the sport was aroused. So early one morning, armed with a borrowed licensed-gun (for big game hunting), I accompanied one Kareng La of Mayan village, also a keen hunter, and ventured into the reserve forest of north-west Myitkyina, where big game abounded. Once there I climbed up a tall tree and scanned the surrounding veld or open grassland for big game. And sure enough I soon saw a herd of wild "u-htin" (a cross between ox and bison), grazing. I hurriedly got down from the tree and began stalking the herd. I set my sights on the biggest bull from the herd and from about a distance of 60 yards aimed a shot at him. The rest of the herd stampeded into the jungle. I thought I had hit the bull, but the bull far from falling dead as I had expected, was thundering dangeroulsy toward me, ready to gore me. I did not have time to fire a second shot, so ran as fast as I could along the thickets. Then I accidentally stumbled over a tree stump and hit my knee. When I turned around to look at the charging bull I saw to my great relief that it had fallen dead, a mere 20 yards from where I lay. And I thought to myself - but for the grace of God! The villagers from near-by were soon on the scene, having heard the rifle shot. In a surprisingly short time they had rustled up a big feast over the dead game. The bull was an impressive sight - big and dark red in colour, with a wide forehead and glistening round horns. A memorable trophy it was for me!

Four days later, I again returned to the forest to track a herd of wild elephants. I stalked the biggest tusker from the herd and shot it with my brother's big game rifle. I made
the shot from a pretty close range, hitting the elephant through its ear - the vital spot to kill an elephant - so my brother told me. However, the shot did not kill him instantly, only bringing it down on its haunches. The rest of the herd stampeded wildly into the jungle and their trumpeting could be heard from miles away. I had to fire five more shots into its ear before it finally tumbled down dead. Villagers from nearby excitedly gathered to help extract the two big tusks. Its four legs were cut up, skinned and later sold at the market at Myitkyina. It was a most satisfying outing for me, having bagged another proud truphy in just a few days!

My next big game hunt was when I shot a ferocious tiger at the jungle beat near Anisakan, Maymyo. It was my most fearsome encounter with a wild animal and also the most exciting. Two

weeks before the commencement of the Officer Cadet Training Course at Maymyo, I was having a short vacation with U Shwe Hla, Inspector of Schools and brother-in-law of my college friend U Thet Swe. One day we had news that a tiger was rampaging in Anisakan forest, six miles south of Maymyo. It had killed four working bullocks from the village. Saya Banerjee, a keen shikari (hunter) and friend, asked us to accompany him on the hunt for the tiger. So the three of us, I with a borrowed double-barrelled shotgun, set out for the village.

Although I had not been able to get hold of a hunter's gun readily I was quite happy to go along. A jungle beat was organized after careful planning of a strategy to draw out the tiger from its lair. The three of us then chose strategic spots to await the tiger. At noon, about 15 villagers began the jungle beat, shouting loudly and banging bamboo clappers to scare the tiger and make it come out into the open. Soon the bamboo clapping became more insistent and shouts of "Kyar! kyar!" (Tiger! Tiger!) became louder and louder. The shouts were to alert us, the gun holders, of the approach of the tiger. In about five minutes, a huge ferocious-looking tiger came into view on the ridge where I was keeping watch!! Its head swaying from side to side as if to see what was afoot. It was as if it was challenging whatever it was that had disturbed him from its lair. Then the tiger was only about 15 yards away from me and so before it moved away I took my chance and let go a shot aiming at its vital spot below the shoulder blade. The tiger made a sudden leap into the air giving out an ear-splitting roar. I at once ran down the slope and hid myself behind a big boulder. More roaring and growling could be heard, as it slid into the dense jungle from whence it had emerged. There were more blood-curdling roars but after a few minutes, complete silence. My excitement began to mount at the thought of having bagged a tiger! There was a sense of fear also, from the knowlege that a tiger is at its most dangerous, when wounded. There was no sound from the beaters also - they were probably too scared to move or make a noise. Then Saya Bernarjee and his sharp-shooter friend, who were only about 50 yards away, came crouching towards me. I then shouted - "Tiger! tiger!" - pointing to where the tiger had disappeared. They were so taken aback they nearly fell backwards. I then took up one of their rifles, and cautiously crept towards the spot where I assumed the tiger would be lying, for I was quite positive it had been fatally wounded. Sure enough, when I got there I found it lying motionless with its head on a ditch. So I fired into its neck to deliver the final shot.

The beaters then came out jubilating over the slain tiger. They gladly carried the dead tiger on a pole - four in turn - to the roadside where Saya Banerjee's jeep was. My reaction to all this had been icy fear at first, gradually giving way to feelings of intense excitement and then thankfulness for God's protection from the claws of the tiger. The skin of the tiger was later sent to a taxidermist at Madras, India, for life-size mounting, later to adorn my house at Rangoon as a proud trophy. Praise the Lord!

With the tiger I shot at Anisakan, Maymyo in October 1941.

With my sports trophies

2
THE WAR YEARS

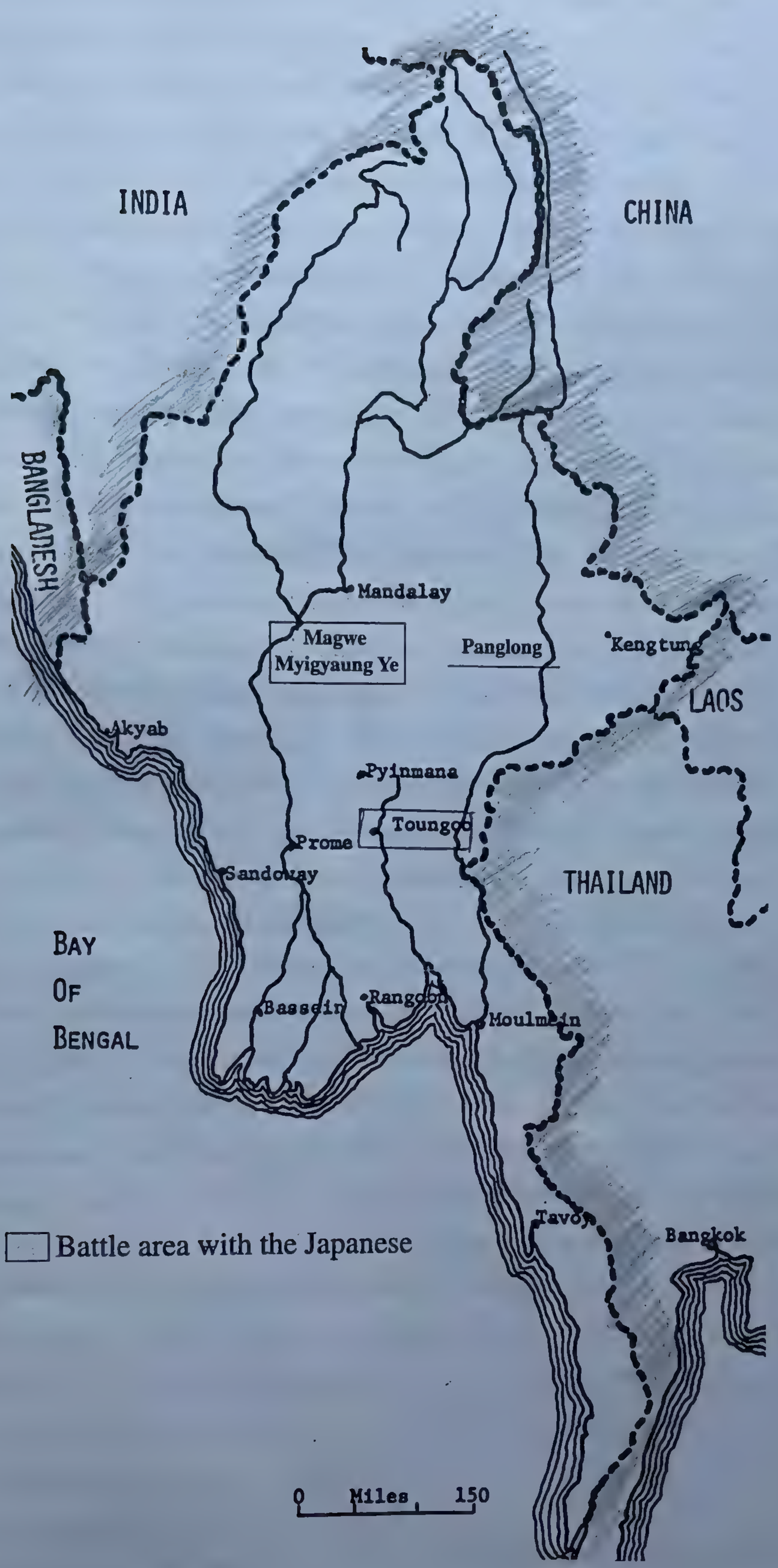
World War II

By 1941 the war with the Japanese was on and I was posted to Loi Moi, Kengtung District, in Southern Shan State. From there I was sent to Tachileck. At that time the Japanese invasion into Burma was expected to take place through the Mongphyak and MongYaw area in Southern Shan State. But the invasion took place instead through Moulmein and Mergui in Tenesserim Division, further south, contrary to what our intelligence people had anticipated.

The successful penetration of the Burma Army's defences by the Japanese through the Moulmein Front led to a desperate scramble for withdrawal to the Sittaung Front. Our battalion was hurriedly sent to cover the withdrawal of the Allied Forces along the Rangoon-Mandalay Road. During our hurried withdrawal from Taunggyi, I was driving a 15 Cwt. truck with my Kachin Headquarters Company in it. I drove the truck at such reckless speed on the road from Loilem that when the road suddenly turned at a bend near a bridge, I failed to change gear and step on the brake. On the bridge were four Frontier Force Mounted Police, on chargers coming from the opposite direction. My truck ran over three chargers which were killed on the spot, while the riders were seriously wounded. By the grace of God the truck and my soldiers escaped injuries in an accident which could have been fatal. All this happened so suddenly that I had no time to react and it was purely by God's mercy that we had been saved. If this had taken place during peace time I would surely have been court-martialled. As an officer of the Company I had no business driving the truck when an official driver was available.

Close Encounters with the Japanese

As the war raged, many a time was I saved from being killed in action against the Japanese. There was one instance when I escaped death through a strange turn of events. Our battalion had taken position on the Pegu-Mandalay Road, in Central Burma, to defend the withdrawal of the Allied Forces from Rangoon. My Kachin Company was ordered to dig in near Nyaunglebin to fight the Japanese to the last man. A report was received that about a mile ahead the Japanese had occupied a bridge during the night. The next day I was ordered to recapture the bridge with my company. So at dawn I proceeded down to the bridge with two platoons of my men. Before we could reach the bridge I was suddenly recalled from Brigade Headquarters and ordered to defend my previous position. The Chin Company with Lt. Moir was ordered to attack the bridge instead. The attack failed as the Japanese had dug in and launched a fierce counter-attack, killing Lt. Moir and seven Chin soldiers on the spot. I would surely have suffered the same fate but by the grace of God. Ten days later our Battalion withdrew to Taungoo and waged a fierce battle against the Japanese at the Toungoo Airfield. There were many casualties on both sides but as in previous incidents I escaped unhurt through the saving grace of God.


INDIA
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BANGLADESH
Mandalay
Magwe
Myigyaung Ye
Panglong
Kengtung
LAOS
Akyab
Pyinmana
Toungoo
Prome
Sandoway
THAILAND
BAY
OF
BENGAL
Bassein
Rangoon
Moulmein
Tavoy
Bangkok
Battle area with the Japanese
0 Miles 150

Hand-to-hand Combat at Myigyaung-Ye Town

Before our entry into Myigyaung-Ye town, south of Magwe, our attention was drawn to the fact that there were Chinese troops in the area, on their way to re-enforce the withdrawing Burmese Army, and that their uniform somewhat resembled that of the Japanese. On the early morning of May 18, 1942, my Kachin Company together with Battalion Headquarters was marching into the town where we were to rendezvous with a Frontier Force Company and take over command from them. However, when we got there, there was no sign of any of them. Unbeknownst to us they had flitted away in the middle of the night when the Japanese arrived. It was pitch dark when our advance platoon was accosted by voices shouting: "We - Cheena, Cheena; friend - friend; no shoot - no shoot!!" Thinking they were our allies, the Chinese, the Point Section of my Company and others let themselves be disarmed and herded into a walled compound. So well did their ruse work that we did not resist, thinking we were being checked for our credentials. However, at the first break of dawn, I discovered to my horror that we had been tricked. I found our Commanding Officer, Lt. Col. B. Ruffel, and two other British officers from the Frontier Force Battalion, lying on the ground blind-folded, with their hands tied behind them. My men were also ordered to lie down while about several Japanese soldiers ran about, shouting loudly amongst themselves. As soon as I realized that we had been tricked I ordered my men in Kachin to jump up and lash out with their "dahs"(swords) - still strapped to their sides - the moment I gave the command, "Go!". The Japanese Sergeant standing near me shouted; "Hey, you - No talk, no talk. Lie down!" - all the time pointing his rifle at me.

Then suddenly there came a loud agonising cry from the upper floor of the house. Evidently someone had been shot, for it was the cry of a man in his death throes. It was our assumption that an officer had been shot and killed. At that moment 'C' Company of our battalion started firing with their bren guns into the compound, not knowing we were trapped inside. They yelled - "Charge! charge!" - firing as they ran into the compound. There was complete mayhem and confusion all around. I then shouted - "Fight, fight!" in Kachin, and my men jumped up and soon engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Japanese. I then ran and cut loose Col. B. Ruffel. I found to my horror that Capt. Edgeley of the Frontier Force had already been bayonetted, while the other Frontier Force Officer whose name I do not recall, escaped unhurt. In the melee and confusion that ensued, we killed five Japanese with our "dahs" and bayonets. My men then ran out of the compound shouting to each other to regroup outside.

I at once organized a counter-attack with a bren gun from a nullah. I began firing at the Japanese who were attacking some of my men running up a slope towards the main road. Col. Ruffel, then crept up to me and asked where the Japanese were. I pointed to a bush behind a tall tree about 50 yards away, where a section of Japanese soldiers was firing at us. He asked me to keep it up, giving me a pat on the back, and then vanished. That was the last I saw of him throughout the whole campaign. Later, when we had regrouped about three furlongs off the main road, I found that about 11 of my men were missing. Evidently some had been shot and killed during the melee earlier in the compound. We then withdrew towards Magwe town, about six miles up the road northwards. We were machine-gunned and bombarded with mortars all the way to Magwe. Three of my men were killed by this bombard-

ment. I was later awarded the Military Cross (M. C.) for gallantry during the battle at Myigyaung-Ye.

I later learned that on the strength of my testimony, Capt. Edgeley's father, a sitting Judge in England, filed a strong protest to the International Court on the treatment of prisoners of war by the Japanese, stressing that his son had been bayonetted while blind-folded and held as a prisoner.

On May 19, 1942, we again escaped encirclement from a road block at Yenangyaung Crossing, north of Magwe town. This was to be our last battle with the Japanese. The road-block was, however, reopened after intense artillery and mortar bombardment by the Allied Forces. Our battalion then withdrew to Ye-U town and thence to Tamu through the Chin Hills, finally reaching India on 24 May, 1942.

With the Allied Forces

Remnants of the Burma Rifles (Burif) were later regrouped at Hoshiapur, North India and the Second Burif to which I was posted was sent to Malthon Camp at Sorgaur in Central India. We were to receive intensive training for re-entry into Burma the next winter with the 77 Brigade under the command of General Wingate. While undergoing training there I was sent to General Headquarters (GHQ) India, for special intelligence duties.

Parachute Jumps

Towards the end of February 1943, I and a chosen team of four Kachins, Jemadar (later Captain) Kumje Tawng, Maran Hka Li, Lashi Bawk Naw and Maran Naw Li, and two Chin signallers underwent 20 days of vigorous parachute training jumps at Chakalala in North India where a Gurkha parachute battalion was stationed. After a week of intense physical training, our training jumps began. We had to make jumps from a tower of about 60 feet on to a sawdust pit through a cylindrical chute. The jumps were so scary even some Gurkhas, legendary for their bravery in battle, refused to undertake them and had to be returned to their units as failures. This crude and dangerous method of training was later abolished and subsequent parachute training of personnel to be dropped behind enemy lines became much easier. After completing these pit jumps we had to undergo three jumps wearing parachute suits. Finally we had to do three more jumps loaded with packs and arms. During one of these jumps Maran Naw Li's chute failed to open and he fell to his death. He was quietly given a burial at Chakalala Cemetery and his close relatives were informed and compensation paid only after the war.

After these jumps we were permitted to wear parachute wings, the pride and joy of Infantry soldiers. We were also given the monetary award of Kyats 250 per month (for officers) and Kyats 100 per month (for other ranks) on top of our regular pay and operational allowances.

Behind Enemy Lines

By this time I had been promoted to the rank of Captain. An advance party of Kum Je Tawng, Hka Li, Lashi Bawk Naw and a Chin signaller was dropped at the Talawgyi jungle clearing, south of Myitkyina. I and other signallers were to be dropped later, after receiving clearance signal from the

3

CIVIL SERVICE

Back to Civilian Life

On 2 January 1946 I was demobilised from the army and returned to civilian life to be appointed in the Burma Frontier Service as Assistant Resident at SinlumKaba, till the event of the Panglong Conference in February 1947.

My marriage to "Mum", Lahtaw Nang Pri, daughter of Lahtaw Du Wa ('Tawng Ok' or Hill Tracts Administrator) Du Lum and Du Jan Sumlut Htu, took place on 12 October 1945 at Pangmu, SinlumKaba. It was one of the biggest social events of the time with all our relatives, old friends from the army, including British Officers, present. Ours was an arranged marriage as was the custom of the time, and it is said that "Mum" became my intended at the tender age of seven. However, after almost 50 "golden" years of married life, I tend to think that it was a match made in heaven.

In October 1947 I was posted to Rangoon for duties with the Frontier Areas Committee of Enquiry (FACE), while serving as Additional Secretary in the Frontier Areas Administration at the Rangoon Secretariat. During this period leading to independence, I had the privilege of participating in some of the events that shaped our nation's course, and I would like to recount them in brief at this point.

The Historic Panglong Conference

While serving as Assistant Resident at SinlumKaba, I was summoned by the Frontier Areas Administration Office at Rangoon to bring down Kachin leaders from Myitkyina and Bhamo districts to attend a conference at Panglong in Southern Shan State. Travelling in two trucks, we arrived at Panglong on 8 February 1947. The Shan 'Sawbwas' or traditional rulers, were already in conference at Panglong. I was nominated Secretary of the Conference by the Hill Tribe leaders and U Saing Sam and Sao Boon Watt from the Shan State Sawbwa's Council served as Assistant Secretaries.

The draft for the Agreement, drawn up by U Tin Tut, C.B.E., was discussed and accepted at the conclusion of the plenary session and the historic Panglong Agreement which laid the foundation for the creation of an independent Union of Burma was signed on 12 February 1947. The signatories on the Kachin side were, Sama Duwa Sinwa Nawng, U Ding Ra Tang, Duwa Zau Rip, Duwa Zau Lawn and U Labang Grawng, who took the place of Lawdan Duwa Zau La, incapacitated at the last minute.

Here I would like to give an eye-witness account of how Bogyoke Aung San worked behind the scenes to win the trust of the Hill Tribe leaders. It was at the close of the plenary session on the second day of the Conference. The time was about 6:30 pm. U Pe Khin, representative of the Shan State Youth Organisation, told me Bogyoke would like me to accompany him when he made courtesy calls, later that evening, on the Hill Tribe delegates gathered at Panglong. U Tin Tut and Sao Sam Htun (Sawbwa of Mong Pawn) were also together with Bogyoke that evening. We first went to the Kachin leaders.

After a few pleasantries, Bogyoke outlined the advantages of establishing a union with Burma-Proper upon gaining independence from the British. In the discussions that ensued, the Kachin leaders expressed their satisfaction with Bo Gyoke's promise to provide for the formation of a Kachin State in the new Constitution.

Next, we went to the temporary 'Haw' or palace of the Nyaung Shwe Sawbwa, where the Taung Paing and Hsen-wi Sawbwas were also gathered. Again, Bogyoke engaged in earnest dialogue with the Shan leaders. Below is part of the exchange that took place between Bogyoke and the Nyaung Shwe Sawbwa, Sao Shwe Thaike:

Bogyoke: "Sawbwa Gyi" (Great Chief), let me put to rest all your fears and apprehensions regarding union with Burma-proper. Federated or not, your rights for secession will be honoured. Therefore, I would strongly urge you to join hands with us to form a united Burma after independence.

Nyaung Shwe Saw Bwa: Yes, Bogyoke, we the Sawbwas and people of Shan State have complete trust and confidence in your integrity. But we cannot say the same of the other Burmese leaders.

Bogyoke: I am glad to hear your expression of faith in me, but let me tell you this - Don't put your trust in man. Rather, put your trust in the constitution that we will be drafting. I can assure you here and now that all matters such as the right of secession and other safeguards will be fully addressed in this constitution. So please join us in the Constituent Assembly where the details will be further discussed and thrashed out.

Whereupon, the Shan Sawbwas agreed to join the other Hill Tribe leaders in signing the Pang Long Treaty and paved the way for Burma's independence. I could not help but admire the ease with which Bogyoke was able to establish rapport with the Hill Tribe leaders and gain their trust. His charisma, I believe, was the key factor in the successful signing of the Pang Long Agreement.

On January 1, 1949 I was awarded the Order of Maha Thray Sithu by President Sao Shwe Thaik for outstanding services rendered during the Panglong Conference and in the formation of the ministries of the Shan and Kachin States after Independence in 1948.

Meetings with 'Bogyoke' Aung San

I had the privilege of meeting the late 'Bogyoke' Aung San, national hero and architect of Burma's independence, on three occasions. All the meetings were unscheduled but nonetheless significant, as they took place in the formative years of our nation as a republic and provide insight into the character of the beloved Bogyoke.

The first instance was immediately after World War II when Bogyoke was directing his energies to gaining independence from British colonial rule. It was in early November 1946 (I do not

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THE NEW CONSTITUTION FOR BURMA: KACHIN CHIEFTAINS AND LEADERS WITH MEMBERS OF THE FRONTIER AREAS COMMITTEE OF ENQUIRY AT MAYMYO, WHERE THEY MET TO EXPRESS THEIR OPINIONS AS TO THE BEST METHOD OF ASSOCIATING THEIR PEOPLES WITH THE NEW PROPOSALS FOR SELF-GOVERNMENT.

On April 17, 1947, some fifty leading Kachins came down to Maymyo to give evidence at the Frontier Areas Committee of Enquiry and to talk over methods of associating the frontier peoples with the working out of the new Constitution. The Kachins, a martial race inhabiting the areas bordering the north-eastern portion of Burma, have a magnificent war record. Our photograph shows:
(l. to r., standing) Subedar Zau Naw, Subedar Major Hpauda La, Havildar Nangzing Gam, Jamedar Lazum Yaw, Subedar Kinraw Tawng.
(second row) Labang Grong, Zau Rip, Maram Kamhpang, Kareng Hkam, N'rang Yaw, Mwijang La, Gum Lan, Sumdu Gam, Manam La, Subedar Gawlu Tu, Hkaw Sau, Sumlut Gam, Zau Ri, U Aung Ba, Ngwa Le, Saw Nwe, Seik Ta, Maung Shwe Thaung.
(3rd row) Thaung Ching Thang, Sao Boom Wat, Maran Yaw Han, Lashi Gam, Zau Ba, Hpaugan Tu, Duwa Zau Bawk, Duwa Zau Lawn, Dingra Tang, Ugyi Htingnan, Duwa Zau Tang, Maran La, Mungga Tu, A.T.M., B.G.M., Maraw Tu, Taik Bawm, Maraw Hkum Hpa, Kumja Naw, Gum Gam, Maran Tu.
(sitting, 1st row) Major Shan Lone, O.B.E., M.C. (Assistant Secretary), Duwa Hkun Hpung, Duwa Zau La, Duwa Zau La, Duwa Zau Lawn, W. B. J. Ledwidge, Esq. (Secretary), Saw Myint Thein (Karen Member), U Khin Maung Gale (Burmese Member), Hon. U Tin Tut, C.B.E. (Burmese Member), Thakin Nu (Burmese Member), Colonel D. Rees-Williams, M.P. (Chairman), Hon. Sao Sam Htun (Frontier Member), Hon. Sima Sinwa Naw (Frontier Member), Saw Sankey (Karen Member), Hon. Vum Ko Hau (Frontier Member), U Hla, Kumreng Gam, Zau Awng.
(sitting) Kinraw Tang Goon, Hpau Yam Gam, La Hkang, Lawang Li, Maru Shawng, Zau Naw, Hpala Gam, Yawng Htang, Karing Naw, Padip La Tawng, La Ring.

remember the exact date) when Bogyoke was on a visit to Myitkyina to rally the Kachin people behind the independence effort. He was speaking at a public rally at Manhkring, a suburb of Myitkyina. After the rally, he expressed the desire to meet with ex-army officers who had served with the Allied Force during the war. So six of us who happened to be in Myitkyina at that time, went to Circuit House where Bogyoke was putting up. After saluting him, I as the senior-most officer, introduced the others to him. He then invited us to sit down and said he would like to speak openly with us. He looked at me and said, "Major Shan Lone, I have heard of your exploits during the war. But what I would like to talk about now is our country's impending independence from Britian and how we are striving to rebuild the 'Tatmadaw', or Burma Army . Given your military experience and training I would be very happy if you gentlemen would contribute to this effort by staying on to serve in the Army." He then directed his sharp gaze at me and said, "So Major Shan Lone, what do you think of my proposal?" I replied that I had made my decision to return to civilian life and that I had already taken up the offer of a position with the Frontier Service. I added that Major Zau June and Captain Kum Je Tawng had also expressed similar desires to return to civil service but that the other three would continue to serve in the army. Bogyoke then replied, "Well, take your time and think about it. What I would like to tell you at this moment is that it is our intention to reorganise and restructure the Army so that it will take on a more important role in nation-building and I would very much like you all to be part of this effort. That is all I have to say. Thank you." My lasting impression of Bogyoke was his sharp, penetrating gaze and high, prominent forehead, which in my opinion, indicated uncommon intelligence and strong leadership.

My second meeting with Bogyoke which took place on 10 February 1947 during the convening of the historic Panglong Conference is recounted in detail in the section on Pang Long.

My third meeting with Bogyoke was in April 1947. The Frontier Areas Committee of Enquiry (FACE) was in session at Maymyo. This Committee had been set up to investigate the ways in which co-operation between the hill tribes people and low-land Burmans could be achieved after independence from Britain. Col. Rees-Williams, M.P., was Chairman of the Committee and Mr. W. Ledwidge from the Foreign Office acted as Secretary. The Burmese side was represented by the Hon. U Tin Tut, Thakhin Nu (later Prime Minister U Nu), Bo Khin Maung Gale, Sao Sam Htun (Shan), Sama Du Wa SinWa Nawng (Kachin), U Vum Ko Hau (Chin) and Saw Sankey (Karen). I was the Assistant Secretary and my duties were multifarious. Verbatim records of the statements of the delegates from different ethnic groups had to be taken. So also were arrangements for transporting delegates from remote frontier areas to and from Maymyo. The welfare of the delegates during their stay at Maymyo was also my responsibility.

Bogyoke came up to Maymyo one day to see how the work of the Committee was progressing. He arrived early before a meeting and asked me, "Today, we're taking statements from the Wa delegates, aren't we?" When I replied in the affirmative, Bogyoke said, " U Shan Lone, please see to it that these delegates have all their needs." I replied I was doing my best and that I had even gone to such lengths as procuring opium for some of the Wa delegates (the Wa people of northern Shan State are

traditional growers of opium, and some of the delegates were so addicted that it would have been impossible for them to function without their daily dose of opium). Bogyoke just smiled and said, "Good, good!" and went off.

After Independence

From 1948 to 1962 I was appointed Secretary to the Kachin Ministry in Rangoon. In April 1962 I was transferred to Myitkyina as Commissioner of Kachin State. After two years there I was again transferred to Rangoon to be appointed as Commissioner of Census till 17 May 1967 when I attained the age of 55, the retiring age for civil servants at that time. However, I was re-appointed for a further seven years till I finally retired from service on 17 May 1974 after 38 years of loyal service. Let me mention here a few significant milestones in my career as a civil servant.

Delegation to the UN

In 1953 I went to New York as a member of the Burmese Delegation to the 8th Session of the United Nations General Assembly. I delivered a speech at the Administrative and Budget Committee Meeting and the speech can be found in the Record Books of the UN to this day. I was there for three and a half months and was able to visit a number of notable places in the US. I was also able to have a reunion in Washington D.C., with Drs. Jury, Andrus and Hendershot, my former professors at Judson College. At the close of the UN Session I visited England and Scotland for eleven days in the company of R. S. Wilkie, ex-Commissioner of Sagaing Division and Noel Stevenson, ex-Frontier Areas Director. On my way home I also had the opportunity of visiting other European countries such as the Netherlands, France, Geneva and Italy.

The Sino-Burma Boundary Commission

On return from my visits to the US and Europe, I was fully occupied with the Sino-Burma Boundary Commission work. It was a time when India and China were engaged in bitter distpute over the defined boundary at various points along their frontiers, leading at times to armed clashes. Thus the timing was considered favourable for Burma to initiate negotiations with China to resolve our own border dispute. China had never accepted the boundary with Burma, north of 35 degrees Latitude - viz., the high conical peak above Sadon Subdivision, along the ice-bound watershed till the Tri-junction where Burma, India and China meet.

The preliminary work of inspection began early in 1957 when I was assigned to the committee led by Col. Saw Myint of the Burma Defence Forces. We undertook flag marches to villages along the frontier noting down sites for boundary markers. It was physically demanding work as the villages were in a very remote area not easily accessible by road. In major negotiations later, the able and diplomatic Brig. Aung Gyi led the Burmese side at the joint-committee meetings with the Chinese. My responsibility was to represent the Kachin State Government's views at the Committee and to draft the Burmese version of the Protocol for the Agreement.

Tri-junction
INDIA
CHINA
Hpimaw, Gawlang, Ganghpang
Namwan Assigned Tract
Panghung, PangLao (Wa State)
BANGLADESH
Mandalay
Kengtung
LAOS
Akyab
Pyinmana
Toungoo
Proma
Sandoway
THAILAND
BAY
OF
BENGAL
Bassein
Rangoon
Moulmein
Tavoy
Bangkok
0 Miles 150

The Burmese delegation members and wives with the Chinese leaders in a commemorative photo marking the successful signing of the Sino-Burma Boundary Treaty at Peking, October 1, 1960.

As negotiations progressed the Chinese claimed, albeit mildly at first, that the three Kachin villages of Hpi Maw, Gawlam and Gang Phang, lying east of the watershed, belonged to them. The claim was based on a rather weak historical link that these villages were once Chinese trading posts. As negotiations progressed, this claim became the focal point of all our deliberations. It was also the most difficult to resolve as the Kachin State Government was adamant about giving up the villages.

This stormy issue was finally resolved over a *quid pro quo* offer by the Chinese regarding the Namwan assigned Tract, south-east of Bhamo. This area, since the time of the British, had been leased to Burma by China, through payment of an annual rent of Kyats one thousand. China in return, demanded two small villages in southern Wa State, namely Panghung and Panglao. This was the price to be paid for an over-all acceptance of the hitherto undefined and unmarked boundaries between our two countries by the Chinese Government. Thus with agreement between the two countries being reached, the Boundary Commission's work culminated in the Signing Ceremony that took place at Peking on October 1, 1960.

However, it may be of interest to note here that prior to the final resolution of the dispute, there took place heated exchanges in Parlaiment between U Zan Hta Sin, the Head of Kachin State and Prime Minister U Nu , debating over the issue of the three Kachin villages. Demonstrations were also staged by University Kachin Students protesting the handing over of the three Kachin villages to China.

Finally, despite the stress and strain of over nearly three years of the Boundary Commission work, I am glad to testify that God's precious grace never failed to sustain and strengthen me through the most difficult moments. On June 7, 1980 I was awarded the title of "Naing-Ngant Gon-Yi " (Pride of the Nation) Class I, which carried with it a monetary grant of Kyats 30,000 and a monthly allowance of Kyats 600, for outstanding service rendered during the Burma-China Boundary Commission.

The Flag March Group of the Boundary Commission

4
FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH

In my lifetime there were countless times when I have had to walk through the valley of the shadow of death. I can truly rejoice in God's unfailing goodness and mercy ever with me to see me through. My war-time experiences have been recounted in an earlier chapter, so I shall now concentrate on incidents that occured during peace time.

Hairbreadth Escapes (at Magwe)

In August 1964 I was inspecting a cigarette factory which was under construction at Pakokku, Magwe Division. All over the place were craggy pits with sharp edges of cement, dug up for the erection of posts. When I was making the inspection, the holes were covered with rain water which had fallen earlier. As I went about the factory site I fell into one of the pits and my right leg became submerged in the hole right up to the crotch, only half an inch from the testicles. As my thigh was badly cut I was carried to the Pakokku Hospital. The doctor who attended me exclaimed - "Half an inch more and your testicle nerves would have been severed!" I shudder to contemplate the consequences of such an occurrence. Yes, God's saving hand was clearly in evidence.

In September 1965 while on an inspection tour in Magwe, I was crossing Yinchaung Stream in a country boat with my staff. Although it was raining the stream, notorious for its treacherousness, appeared calm and normal. Then about 20 yards from the south-west bank, a mountain stream suddenly rushed into Yinchaung. The boat we were in was swept down to a point only 30 yards from a deep cataract below. The two boatmen jumped on to the bank and began to pull the rope attached to the boat. It was to no avail as the boat was being swiftly carried away. I closed my eyes and prayed aloud with hands raised. I heard my Buddhist staff also praying, "Oh, God! Oh, God! (Hpaya! Hpaya!)" Then suddenly the boat miraculously whirled around and hit the bank. Two of my staff then jumped onto the bank to help the boatmen pull the boat to safety. About 20 yards below was the roaring cataract, the graveyard of many an unfortunate boat crushed by the mountain torrents that sweep without warning into Yinchaung. God had surely saved me from certain death!

Air Plane Mishaps

There were also a number of occasions when I was involved in near-miss situations in an airplane. In August 1949 I was returning from Maymyo with some army officers in a Catalina, an American plane which could land on land as well as on water. After about an hour's flight we ran into heavy stormy weather. The pilot lost his bearings and tried his best to fly westward. He flew very low so that he might spot the Mandalay-Rangoon Road and the railway line. Failing to do this he tried to land in the paddy fields which were flooded with rain water. I told him not to attempt this

as the whole of Lower Burma at that time, was overrun by Communist insurgents. So he took the plane up but soon had to bring it low again in order to land on a flooded field as his landing gear (for land) was no longer functioning. I suggested that he flew south instead aiming for the Rangoon-Mandalay railway line. It was only after three and a half hours of bumpy, agonising flight that the pilot finally spotted the railway line and the road to Rangoon. All this time I had been praying hard with large beads of sweat rolling from head to foot. The Buddhist army officers with me were also praying loudly, "Phaya! Phaya!" (Oh, God! Oh, God!) It was five in the evening when we landed at a paddy field near Mingaladon. On landing the pilot said, "It was a close shave, wasn't it?" I said, "No, it was God who saved us today." Then he asked, "Are you a Christian?" When I replied in the affirmative we shook hands and cried, "Praise the Lord!"

In May 1957 I was returning from an inspection tour to Putao. The pilot that day was an Australian national, serving with the Union of Burma Airways (UBA). In the course of our flight from Putao to Bhamo he flew too deep into China near the border at Bhamo, thus taking an extra hour for the flight. I suspected that he was flying into China purposely to take photos of the territory as this flight was to be his last on duty with the UBA. He turned out to be a very reckless pilot as well, for later in the evening we nearly crashed on landing at Maymyo and again on take-off, narrowly missing a hill. It was then 6:00 pm and the other passengers were also of the opinion that he was a foreign intelligence agent. We had started the flight at Putao at 11:00 am, but landed at Mingaladon only at 8:30 pm. It had been seven hours of reckless flying with him at the controls. Failing to reason with him I had been praying throughout the whole duration of the flight. It was only by the grace of God that we escaped the near-fatal crash at Maymyo.

Narrow Escapes from Car Accidents

There were also a couple of instances when I narrowly escaped being injured in a motor accident. In March 1965 I was going to Mandalay to attend a conference. The saloon car I was in was driven by the driver from my office. At about noon we were crossing a bridge when all of a sudden I saw a heavily loaded truck coming from the opposite direction. It was a situation where the bridge was so narrow that we could neither make way for the on-coming truck nor brake the car in time. All we could do was frantically shout and wave at the truck driver to veer to his left to make way for us. The driver did not probably see us till close up because the bridge was on an incline, sloping up to our side. I closed my eyes and prayed, there being nothing else I could do. Suddenly the on-coming truck stopped with the screeching of brakes. It really was a hair breath escape from what would surely have been a fatal collision. God's hand was here again to save me!

In October 1968 "Mum" and I were returning from Church with driver Ya Tu at the wheel. We were at the crossing of U Wisara and Bogyoke Streets when an ambulance from the east came speeding towards us, sirens screeching. Ya Tu did not hear the siren as he was at that moment turning back to talk to us. It was a miracle how we managed to avoid a head-on collision with the ambulance. "Mum" and I could only say, "Thank you Lord, Thank you Lord!"

IN HIS PRESENCE

I would now like to share the most profound ways in which God made known His presence to me. Needless to say, these took place in my hour of dire need. At the end of my two and a half years' service as Commissioner at Magwe, I received an urgent message from the Home Ministry regarding my transfer to Rangoon as Commissioner of Census. Nearing my retiring period from government service I was unwilling to be posted again to Rangoon. Feeling dejected and downcast I prayed fervently to God for guidance. Then on the early morning of November 2, 1965 at about 4.30 am, while praying alone at the window facing east, I suddenly saw a huge bright comet in the horizon as if the sky and the earth had met. I rose up from my knees, went to the other room to wake up Mum and Elizabeth and pointed to them the amazing spectacle. Mum was as speechless as I had been earlier but Elizabeth, my youngest daughter exclaimed, "Why Dad, it is a sign that God will guide you as He did the Israelites with a pillar of fire at night and a pillar of cloud by day in their desert wanderings!" Later as usual I went out for a walk along the Magwe-Mandalay Road. I saw six bullock carts returning to their village after selling their wares at the market and I asked each of them whether they had seen a bright comet in the eastern horizon a little while ago. They appeared dazed at my question and were unable to give me an answer. Next Sunday I asked Rev. U Tun Shwe, the pastor of Magwe Church, the significance of the wonderful object I had seen. His reply was - "Why U Shan Lone, this is what God's revelation to you alone. How could other people understand its significance?" Thereby I was convinced that as my daughter Elizabeth had correctly interpreted, God was reassuring me of His guidance through this marvellous spectacle.

On April 2, 1968 while serving as Commissioner of Census in Rangoon, I was praying fervently to God to give me guidance on where to go and what to do after retirement from government service. I was at that time on four months leave prior to retirement, having attained the age of 55 years. After a few months I would have to vacate the flat at Pyidaungsu Yeiktha, and I had no house in Rangoon, nor at Myitkyina. All my children with the exception of my eldest son Noel, were still in college. As usual I prayed alone on my knees early in the morning before the family awoke. As I was praying fervently, kneeling by my bed-side, I suddenly felt as if someone had come to kneel by my side to join me in prayer. I distinctly heard the spring mattress, on which I had placed my elbows, make the kind of creaking noise when pressure had been applied to it. I continued to pray on thinking it was my wife come to join me in prayer. But later when I had finished and looked by my side for her, lo! she was sound asleep on her bed nearby. I shook her up and rebuked her for going back to sleep again so soon after prayer. In a daze and at a loss as to what I was ranting about, she told me she had not been by my side at all! Then I knew without a doubt that it had been Jesus Christ, my Lord, who had been by my side as I prayed. I felt so happy I said, "Thank you, Lord!"

A week or so later a telephone call came from U Win Pe, the Cabinet Secretary informing me that the government had reappointed me as Commissioner of Census for five more years till I reach the

age of 60. A month or so later the Chairman of the Rangoon Security Council allotted me a spacious flat at 53 Edward Street which we took occupation in August 1968. Praise the Lord!

Vision of the Cross

On July 15, 1969 at about 2:00 am I had a wonderful vision of the Cross. It was thus: - I was going up to the Cross, carrying my load of sin along the narrow, straight path leading to Calvary. Along the narrow road were broad avenues where people were dancing and making merry. Oblivious to all these I trudged slowly on to Calvary where I laid down my load of sin beneath the Cross. Suddenly I felt the warm blood of Jesus trickling down on my head and body. My clothes became white and my load of sin disappeared. I rose up and trudged slowly to the ferry point at the River Jordan. Then I saw my Lord Jesus standing on the east bank against the backdrop of wonderful Beulah Land motioning me to come to Him. I made an effort to see His face more clearly. But Lo! I saw Him standing on the right hand of the mighty throne of God stretching His hand, blessing me!

I woke up feeling spiritually and mentally uplifted. I then woke up Mum and related to her this wonderful vision. Later three talented artists were approached separately to reproduce the vision in painting. Being non-Christians they could not comprehend the meaning of the vision so could not portray it. Finally I asked Omzi, a Kachin Christian and an artist of some repute, to produce a painting of this vision. He had to make three attempts before his effort met with my satisfaction. The painting was then mounted on a plastic frame by a Moslem friend who owned a plastic mounting gadget. This painting has been shown in many Churches where I have related in detail the wonderful vision of the Cross revealed to me by Jesus Christ. Praise the Lord!

Then there was the time when I experienced the wonderful vision of Jesus speaking to me from the Cross. It was after the Thingyan, Water Festival of April 1970. I had fallen seriously ill, first with a slight cold then pain on the left side of my ribs developing into excrutiating pain at the hips and then spreading to the whole of my left side. The doctors who examined me said I had arthritic-lumbago of the joints and gave me tablets to be taken orally together with ointment for external application. The pain became so intense I could not sit or stand up properly. The pastors of various churches came to pray for me but the pain in my side became even more unbearable. One night while I was lying on the floor close to the wall writhing in pain, I cried in tears and prayed to Jesus for mercy. Then suddenly at about 2:00 am, I heard Jesus in a clear voice saying, "My son your pain and suffering now are nothing to what I suffered on the Cross for you. Do you now know the agony and pain I suffered at the Cross for you?" Then I replied, "Yes Lord, I now know that my pain is nothing compared to yours. Forgive me my whining and groaning." Then I crumpled on to the floor and slowly fell into a deep sleep.

At about 4:00 am, Mum came downstairs to give me a dose of the 4-hourly medicine prescribed by the doctor. She was surprised to see me sound asleep the first time in three days of sleepless nights. I woke up at 8:00 am with only a slight discomfort. Three days later I was well and on my feet again. My staff at the Census Office thought that I had had a stroke and was surprised to see me back at the office so soon.

God's Voice through Noel

God also spoke to me on one occasion through my son Noel. On the morning of May 10, 1974 Noel woke up unusually early at 4:30 am and came to me as I was preparing for my morning walk. He said, "Dad, I heard a clear voice of Jesus last night saying; "Tell your Dad that he has had praises and plaudits from men so far. It is now time that he worked to receive praises from Me."

I had been told a week earlier by the Deputy Minister of the Home Ministry that if I wished to be re-employed for one more year I should state my request in writing to the Cabinet. But Jesus' command conveyed to me through Noel was so clear that I told the Deputy Minister the very next day that I had no wish to be re-employed for another year. Thus I finally retired from service on May 17, 1974 and commenced devoting my entire life to the service of the Lord. Amen!

6

IN HIS SERVICE

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ"

Galations 6:14

Having received God's bountiful blessings for the past 84 years of my life I am now compelled to record for the benefit of my children, grand-children and close relatives the spiritual endeavours I have undertaken that they may find inspiration and spiritual guidance.

Despite my prayerless and apostate life for a greater portion of my life God has been merciful to me throughout. I do now realise that as in the case of Abraham - where God's blessings were poured upon him as well as on his descendants for keeping His covenant - I am now in receipt of mercies due to my parents' faithful dedication to Him. To a few outside the family who happen to read this account it may seem that I am being boastful. Yet to them I say - Yes, I will at all times be boastful, for as stated in Psalm 44:8 - "***In God we boast all the day long and praise His name forever.***"

My wife, "Mum", who is a pillar of strength to me in all my religious endeavours, has been urging me ere now to put into record my religious activities for the benefit of my family and close relatives. My sermons are faithfully recorded in exercise books - five in number (two now with Tawng Tin at Lashio) - plus those in loose sheets, alphabetically compiled in "ELBA" files and the 405 Bible Lessons so far conducted are in 15 exercise books and diaries. All these are kept in my study room for my children and grand-children.

From early childhood, mother taught me how to pray and taught me Bible lessons at Sunday School. We had to memorize the Lord's Prayer and Psalm 23 by heart. Besides when I was about six years of age my father took me along on his visits to churches in surrounding areas. Sometimes when the journey was for more than one day we would go on horse back with me riding on a pony. Thus ingrained in religious life I grew up till I obtained my B.A. degree. Up to that point it had been my practice to pray fervently and regularly to God.

However, after my successes at school and college I became proud and conceited. I felt that I could obtain government jobs on the strength of my achievements at college and being the first Kachin to obtain a B.A. degree. I applied for appointment in the Burma Frontier Service and was quite confident of obtaining a position, being the son of a Kachin Chief. However, I was not appointed. I then became disillusioned and stopped praying to God altogether. Thus began the prayerless and apostate chapter of my life.

The Second World War came and ended with awards and decorations. Although it was only through God's wonderful blessings and saving grace that I had escaped many near-death incidents yet I continued to lead a prayerless life. This was true of my entire career in civil service up to the time of my transfer to Magwe as Commissioner in 1964. I had opportunities to lead a Christian life yet my

spiritual life was lukewarm at best and my church attendance was lackadaisical.

While serving as Commissioner of Kachin State all my efforts had been directed to arranging for a peaceful transition to retired life in about three years thereafter. The thought of praying to God for guidance never occurred to me. It is really shameful in the sight of God to think of it now. Then came the turning point in my prayerless, apostate life. In January 1964 I received orders for transfer to Magwe as Commissioner. Thus all my carefully laid plans for a peaceful retired life in Myitkyina at the end of 1965 went astray. I protested to the Home Ministry but the reply I received was that the transfer was for my own good. Only later did I realise that the transfer to Magwe was really God's plan as the K.I.A. (Kachin Independence Army) insurrection was gaining strength and I would surely have been compromised had I stayed on in Kachin State.

At Magwe my prayer life was still listless. Then another unhappy news of transfer to Rangoon as Commissioner of Census was received on 16 November 1965. Suddenly I felt really lonely and helpless as I had no desire to go back to Rangoon. I began to read the Bible and turned to Psalm 73:25, which was my father's favourite text: - "***Whom have I in heaven but Thee? And there is none upon earth that I desire besides Thee.***" For the first time I really prayed with all my heart and soul. It was only at this juncture in my life that I began to assess my spiritual life and came to realize that all I had achieved so far had actually been a carry-over of the blessings God had bestowed on my parents for their faithful service to Him and not because of my abilities as I had so foolishly and vainly believed. I then began to truly appreciate the significance of the scipture text given in Colossians 1:17 - "***And He is before all things, and by Him all things consist.***"

After my transfer to Rangoon in January 1965 I began to lead a more active Christian life. My wife and I joined U Naw Church as full members and took active part in all Church activities. I served on the Board of Deacons from 1966 till 1984 when we transferred our membership to the newly-formed, Judson Kachin Baptist Church.

My Wife as Spiritual Partner

An account of my life would not be complete without giving due credit to my wife for the part she played in bringing about my spiritual rebirth. Unlike myself, she grew up in an animist family - her parents practising spirit worship till their conversion and baptism in 1958. At birth she was named Nang Hka, a name reserved for the sixth daughter of the family. For six days after birth she refused her mother's milk. Her parents were at their wits' end and consulted the local shaman, who told them that it was because she didn't like her name and that she should be given the name of Nang Pri (7th daughter) instead. And sure enough, after she was given the new name, with the accompaniment of appropriate animal sacrifices, she began to show signs of life and her mother was able to nurse her. Her mother remembered then that she had had a miscarriage before her birth and that it had also been a girl.

My wife became a Christian when she started attending mission school. Her faith thus instilled, remained strong even through the years of my spiritual wilderness. It was she who instructed our five children in the Scriptures, encouraged them to attend Sunday School and led in family devotions.

Before her parents' baptism, she constantly prayed for their conversion and she believes that it is her prayers that led to my repentence also. She is beloved by all who know her for her patience and sweet nature. In family circles, she is much appreciated for her skill in match-making. She has always been active in Church work and when in Rangoon, she was a popular speaker at the Women's group meetings of various churches and the Temperance Society. She was instrumental in the formation of a women's prayer group at the Judson Kachin Baptist Church and here in San Francisco, she helped form the Women's Auxiliary Group of the First Burmese Baptist Church of which she is the current President. Praise the Lord!

Mum and self in our younger days

Bible Studies & Sermons

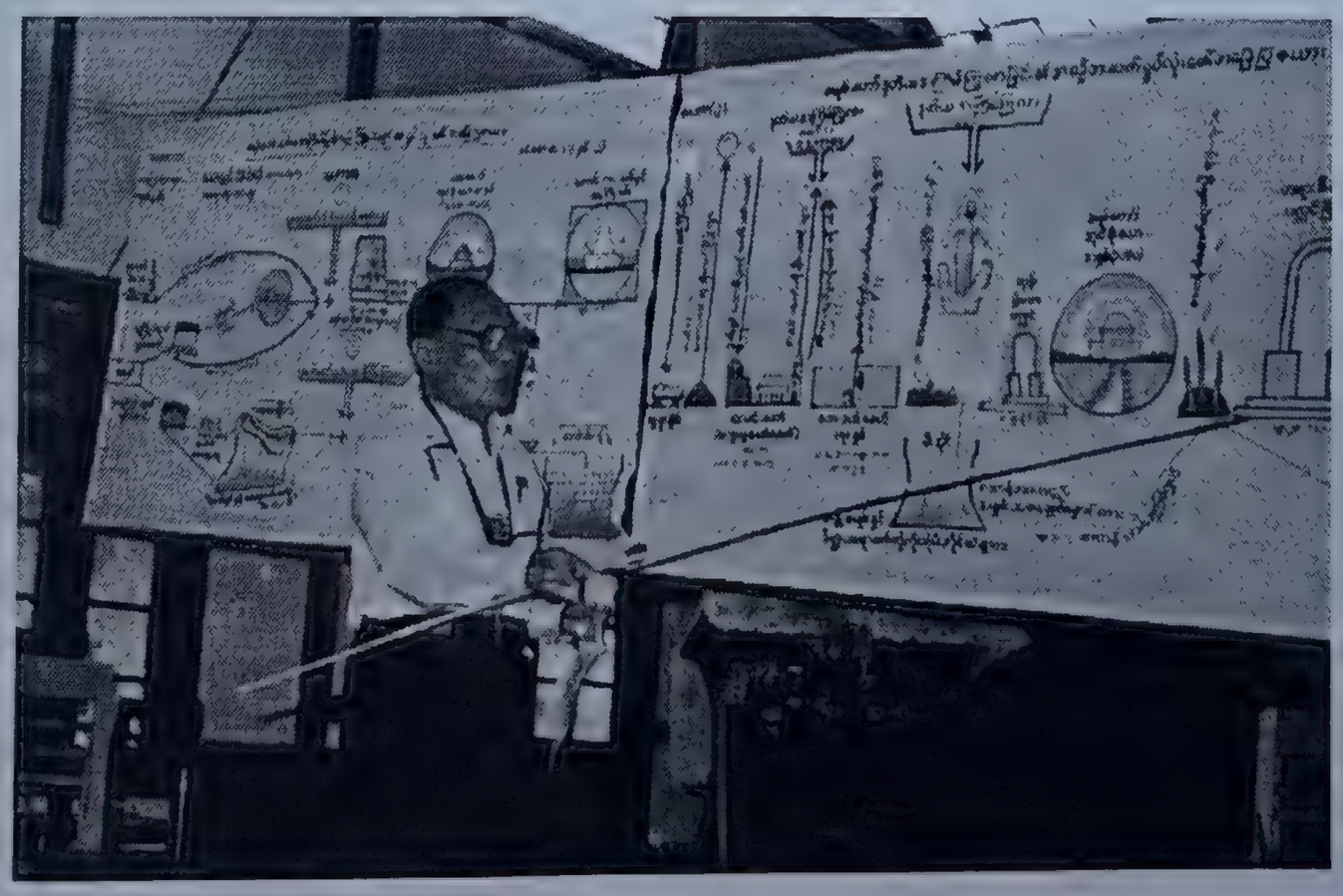
On retirement from service in May 1974 I became more active in church activities, thus serious Bible studies ensued. The U Naw Church Council on two occasions, requested me to take up the Sacrament of Ordination. However, feeling that I could equally be of use in the service of Christ while remaining as a layman, I respectfully declined the requests. My main interest was in exegetical work of difficult passages from the Bible. Within three years I completed compiling notes on exegesis of difficult passages from the Bible with the aid of Bible commentaries, Handbooks and Bible Dictionaries. Another aspect to which I applied my energies was to select salient features from the Bible and compile answers to various questions generally raised at Bible classes. It was amazing how God blessed me during this period equipping me with many valuable Bible literature which came to me as presents from various sources, both local and foreign. It would have been beyond my modest means to purchase all these valuable books.

I have to date conducted 405 Bible classes held at churches in Rangoon as well as in the districts, at youth camps organised by U Naw Church, revival groups, the Y.W.C.A, and at church semi-

nars, retreats, etc. The bible study classes were extended to districts such as Twante, Set Se and Taunggyi and to the Thayetmyo Asho Chin Bible School and Pwo Karen Bible Seminar at Pyawgone. I also went with Men's Fellowship groups to Myitkyina and to the Kutkai Bible School among others. At the request of the respective churches I delivered sermons at many major Baptist churches in Rangoon City, and at the Methodist, Anglican and A.G. Churches. I have also had the opportunity of preaching at suburban churches at North and South Okklapa, Thaketa, Thingan Kyun, Insein (Pwo Karen, Mon, Burmese and Sgaw Karen) Churches. Here in San Francisco, I have been active as an elder of the First Burmese Baptist Church, and taking turns at the pulpit to assist the pastor, Rev. Shwe Hlaing.

As stated earlier, all my sermons and Bible lessons conducted are carefully preserved in book form - exercise books stacked on racks in my study room and in paper boxes in the Prayer Room at 53 Edward Street, Rangoon. There are also two mounted, colour cloth- charts which are panoramic studies of The Rapture and Eschatology depicted both in Burmese and Kachin. These charts are of great interest to many churches and colour photos have been taken by some for their own use. My lectures on these subjects have been tape-recorded and are kept in separate tin boxes.

The 20 sermons in Kachin broadcast from the Far Eastern Broadcasting Corporation (FEBC) programme from Manila are also recorded on tapes. Unfortunately the timing for the FEBC programme is so cramped that the Kachin broadcast has been allotted the rush hour of 8:15 to 8:30. Thus only a few in Kachin State could listen to this broadcast. But the tape recorded version of these sermons are in circulation in Myitkyina and Kutkai areas. My brother Duwa Hkun Nawng however, finds time to listen to these sermons. Praise the Lord! May my children, grandchildren and close relatives continue to find time to study these valuable Biblical records which I have collected over the years!



Conducting Bible Class at Myitkyina, October 1979.

Personal Shortcoming

Before I conclude I must confess to a shortcoming. In my religious endeavours, except on a few occasions, I have confined myself to witnessing to Christians only. I do admit that I am not endowed with the gift of addressing a non-Christian public. My brother U Hkun Nawng, on the other hand, I am glad to say, is directing his energies to spreading the Good News of salvation to non-Christian masses, conducting open air public meetings in conjunction with youth revival groups. May God continue to bless him!

My sole public address to a non-Christian gathering was at the Rama Krishna Memorial Hall on March 19, 1983. The occasion was publicized as "The Parliament of Religions", and four chosen speakers gave lectures in English on Buddhism, Islam, Hinduism and Christianity. As the representative of the Burma Council of Churches I gave a lecture on "The Seven Cardinal Principles of Christian Faith", which lasted one whole hour. My lecture was tape-recorded by the Trustee of the Board, and I distributed copies of my lecture to them. Discussions on my lecture took place later in the Board room.

When I was in Rangoon, I usually rendezvoused with two friends, one a Buddhist and the other a Muslim, on my morning walks. They were both retired senior government officials and I generally exchanged views of religion with them. They questioned me about Christian beliefs they did not understand and I similarly asked them questions on Buddhism and Islam. Frank discussions usually ensued and I was able to explain to them some aspects of Christian faith they were interested in, namely the doctrines of Salvation and Life after Death.

My Daily Routine (in Rangoon)

My daily routine for the 19 years I spent in Rangoon after retirement was as follows:

Wake up at about 3:00 or 3:30 am, recite all my favourite Bible texts by heart, sing songs of praise mainly from "Gospel Songs" while still lying in bed. Then pray on my bended knees in the bedroom or in the prayer-room close-by.

At about 6:00 am, go out for my morning walk, jogging towards the former St. Mary's School compound for callisthenics. After that, look up to the Cross of Jesus Christ on top the Church steeple of the Anglican Cathedral and pray in earnest, raising my hands, praying for the family as well as for all those who had previously made prayer requests to me. This drill was repeated every morning except on Sundays. If it rained I would go out with an umbrella to the Cathedral to pray kneeling at the pew and then do brief callisthenics in the covered porch of the Cathedral. Then I would head back home for breakfast.

I wish and pray that my children and grand-children would similarly begin their activities of the day by having close communion with God in prayer. I herewith close my notes with a prayer by Helen Steiner Rice which I find very inspiring.

"God is only a prayer away
And you can reach Him every day;
If you but lift your hands in prayer,
And place yourself in His loving care."

MAY GOD BLESS YOU ALL!

EPILOGUE

On the following three instances have I had occasion to rejoice and exclaim with all my heart - "Praise the Lord!"

(1) On the evening of 2 January 1987, I was the main speaker for the Revival Prayer Service at the Burma Baptist Convention Memorial Hall in Rangoon, before a crowd of about 600. My witnessing must have been quite inspiring for at the end, my wife, who is normally very sparing in her praise of my preaching abilities said; "Dai na chyawm gaw Gu Ding La na yang grai pyi-ti byin na wa!" ('Gu Ding La'- The Old Man - would have been very pleased to hear you speak like this.)

(2) At the one-week Bible seminar at Kutkai from 28 October to 11 November in 1980, 'Ngai Nam' Htung (Sarama Nang Seng, my brother Rev. Zau Yaw's wife) said; "Ndai sharin la ai ni Gu Ding La na lu taw grai myit pyaw na law!" ('Gu Ding La' would have been so happy to hear you teach from the Bible like this.)

(3) At the end of my sermon at the Mon Church at Insein on 31 March 1985 Na Doi (my sister, Sarama Nang Doi) extolled; "Goi, dai ni Wa lama Lum nang hkaw ai na taw gumrawng bu na law!" (Why, if only Father were to hear you preach like this, he would be so proud of you!)

PRAISE THE LORD!

APPENDICES

I. Article from the **Judson Chapel Golden Jubilee** magazine, published 1982.

To the Tender Memory of Judson College

by U Shan Lone

Liveth there a Judsonian with a soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my Alma Mater.

It was the first morning of the first week of June 1929, the official opening day of the new term at Judson College. Approximately eight hundred students were gathered at the Assembly Hall of the College. While we freshers looked around with admiring eyes at the seniors who all appeared mature and learned, the Vice-President cum Professor S.H. Rickard of the English Department led a short devotional service, followed by a solemn pronouncement, perhaps for the benefit of us freshers, that the motto - The Truth shall make you free - would remain as ever, the symbol, nay the watch-word of the College. This pronouncement did not evoke much interest in us freshers; nor did we understand its connotation. Come two consecutive Vesper Services on the following Sundays, Principal Dr. St. John in quiet but dignified tones again preached from the podium of the old church the same theme - quoting John 8:30 "***And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.***" Again a year later at the inaugural service of the new Chapel, Dr. St. John preached with all solemnity the same theme from the new lectern. Very much the callow youth I was then, it did not strike me deeply spiritually.

Yes, those events were some fifty years ago but I can still vividly see the glint in Dr. St. John's eyes showing special interest whenever he talked to us freshers. We saw him always by the site of the Chapel then under construction, issuing orders to the contractor in charge. In fact the lovely Chapel with its very tall tower overlooking the whole of the then University Campus, was built under his meticulous care. Also the grounds of Judson College, its lecture rooms, dining halls, hostels, staff quarters, were said to have been built according to his thoughtful blueprints.

Fifty years seem to be a long time ago, but we old Judsonians do retain a wistful longing for our Alma Mater. Although I do not now have a dossier of all the professors and teaching staff, I still recollect with considerable affection those of them I came to associate with for the period 1929 to 1935. To facilitate easy recollection I shall mention the names of my old Sayas -benefactors to be exact - by the departments they helped to serve. Judson College was strong in such arts subjects as Philosophy, History and English. We had Dr. St. John taking up metaphysics, expounding the theories of Kant and Freud. Prof. Jury, introducing Logic to the Junior I.A. class with this thought provoking state-

ment:- All sound syllogism must have a proper premise and conclusion - illustrating thus:-

All crows are black.

This bird is black.

Therefore, this bird is a crow.

True or False?

No wonder such pithy introductions of the subject drew large numbers to the Philosophy Department. Dr. Hla Bu, with his patient counsel, Mr. Karr helping in tutorials, the Department no doubt was very popular. Next, the English Department with a strong and capable staff, namely Professor cum Dean Rickard as Head of Department, Lecturers Miss Helen K. Hunt, Saya Johnson Kangyi, Miss Eleanor San Tay and many others helping in lectures and tutorials. Then the History Department, led by Doctors Aspinall, Barbara Steward, Hendershot and other capable tutors. The Economics Department under Dr. J. R. Andrus assisted by Lecturers U Tin Ohn and others also drew large numbers of students. Last but not least, we had Prof. Tum Pe, the doyen of the Faculty of Judson College, heading the Burmese Department and assisted by Lecturers U San Htwa and U Tin Maung.

The science departments although alien to me, did have well-known figures. We often saw Dr. Gates, "worms Saya", with his goatee, as he and his devoted Saw Tha Myint of the Zoology Department going hunting for new species of worms every weekend. Prof. Dickason, with his Rover Scouts led by the very active Willy Tin Tun, growing trees in the campus on weekends - Arbour Day or not. Then we had Mrs. Dickason running the archery class for lady students by the strips of football fields in the evenings. And yes, run she often had to, between the target and the starting point, to ward off quite a few male students who ostensibly were there to learn the art, but more ardent in their own bulls-eyes.

When I now look back to those four and a half years in college, I cannot but have a profound sense of longing for those happy halcyon days - free for the first time from the strictures of boarding - life at school; free now to take one's own choice in subjects; free to romp about the campus - gathering in groups at John the Chinaman's tuck shop, scheming to bunk classes to go to cinemas. While sitting at the tuck shop, we would enjoy ogling at co-eds in their different 'sadons' passing along the corridors, or listening to the prattle of inimitable Teddy Tin Thein, regaling us with his 'leg-pulls' and jokes at the expense of up-country 'tawtha' students.

Then during the football seasons, we would play robust inter-class football matches at our two trim fields, or join others going to the B.A.A. grounds (presently Aung San Stadium) in our college buses to cheer our first-eleven playing the semi-final match against the City Police Team in the Second Division League. We would then join our Saya Johnson Kangyi, also the able goal keeper of the team, when he led singing lustily in his deep baritone voice - "Comrades of our Judson Team ..."

Come winter months, we would be playing tennis at the men's courts or at the two ladies' courts by Benton Hall (now Thiri Hall) in mixed doubles, or to have pleasant chats after games. I now remember Saya Kangyi teaching me the technique of serving aces, although he was rather weak at his backhand and half-court plays. Thanks to him, with improved serving, I became Open Singles Cham-

pion of the College for two years running.

We had considerable freedom in our hostels as most of the rooms were single. The Hall Wardens were there doing their rounds to check lights out, but only after 11:30 pm. Then there was the central dining hall for both Wellington and North Halls, where we learned table manners. Table banging, spoon rattling and loud clamours for second helpings were not permitted: nor singlets worn even during tiffin times. The noise and din along the corridors to the dining hall became subdued because the bachelor members of the staff were already seated in front of the hall at two long white-sheeted tables at each meal. At dinners Doctors Aspinall and Greenwood were invariable resplendent in their dinner suits and bow ties, typical Englishmen that they were.

On Sunday evenings we gathered around at the residences of staff members for combined worship services where we could always expect coffee and snacks such as dough-nuts, American style, followed sometimes by social games. Yes, occasions for mixed social games were the highlight of student gatherings at Judson. Teddy Tin Thein could still recount with relish many 'inside stories' and some funny mishaps that took place at these functions.

However, college life was not all fun and games, for apart from junior years in Intermediate and Bachelor classes, serious academic pursuits were expected of all. Perhaps it would not be out of place to mention some outstanding honours students who were my contemporaries. Rama Murti (Pali), U Mya Tin, Merrs. Hamid and M.I. Khan (Eco), Jack Hla and U Ba Chit (Phy). And then at the English Department, with the not-too-slender Miss Von Bock, who would turn around and stare at us if we made any incorrect pronunciation, the De Souza sisters - Stella and Sylvia, John Moonie and finally, Jock Carrot, Willy Tin Tun, U San Maung (Hist), and U Aung Din (Phy).

A word about 'alumni' who have served the country with distinction. The late U Htun Myat and U Khun Nawng who were members of the Council of State, U Aung Din, for a long time Regional Director with FAO at Rome, now retired at Florida, Willy Tin Tun, currently a high UN official at Seychelles and lastly U San Maung, currently Chairman of the Council of People's Inspectors. There may be other 'alumni' who had or are rendering outstanding public service. I have on these pages confined my reminiscences only to the period from 1929 to 1935. We should not, however, forget that Judson has produced in the past a President of the Union and quite a number of Honourable Ministers of the Government.

Alas, fifty years ago seem just yesterday. But where are those Professors, my mentors, today? I still remember meeting again Drs. Jury, Andrus and Hendershot at Washington, D.C., in 1954. What a happy reunion that was! Again where are my college mates, some very close friends, today? Some are still with us, but many are no more. I feel, nostalgic and somehow sad to think of it all. Again, where are those lush green playing fields, tennis courts, spacious lawns, hostels, lecture halls, staff residences interspersed with trim hedges. No doubt these had suffered at the cruel hands of the war years. Much more so, the whole landscape of the University has of necessity undergone considerable changes immediately after the War, bringing in numerous new buildings to accommodate the ever-increasing student population of the new University Complex.

However, all is not lost. We still have with us the Judson Chapel, ever new and fresh to us, with its very tall Church tower standing sentinel to remind us of the old College motto, "***The Truth shall make you free.***" For a long time since, I have come to understand the true meaning of it. Much more so now, that the Truth is Jesus Christ who said, "***I am the way, the truth and the life*** ...", John 14:6. In fact this text has claimed a special niche in my spiritual life.

In conclusion, while throwing a tender devotion to the memory of Judson College, I would like to draw an analogy with the well-known poem by Sir Walter Scott, who was reminding every Scott of his beloved Highland: -

Liveth there a Judsonian with a soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my Alma Mater.

II. Extract from "**Return To Burma** " by Brigadier Bernard Fergusson (p.13)

The only other guest whom I knew of old was "Rusty" Shan Lone. He too was a former officer of the Burma rifles, although he never served with the Chindits: having got out to India in 1942, he was reintroduced into the far north of Burma the following year to play a lone hand among his brother Kachins. His war record was legendary. He finished up as a major with the O.B.E. and M.C.; and he was now Secretary to the Kachin State in Rangoon. The modern "Union of Burma" consists of Burma proper, divided into its seven "Divisions," plus several more or less autonomous states represented in Rangoon by a Minister and a Secretary: hence Rusty's presence in the artificial and steamy atmosphere of Rangoon, so far from his blue cloud-capped native hills. He claimed to be moderately homesick, but I had the impression that he was rather enjoying himself.

III. Extract from "**One More River**" by Gordon Hunt (pp. 254-255)

Although little more than a mule-track it was just negotiable by jeep, and that evening I sat in the company of one of the most colourful characters of the war against the Japanese who, with his charming wife, gave me a wonderful welcome.

The exploits of Major Shan Lone, MC, are legendary. If ever there was a man born to lead his people it was "Rusty", as he was affectionately known to us all: for years he had been a thorn in the flesh of the Japanese who had placed a price on his head. But time and again this fighting chieftain of the hills, trained in the use of modern weapons and well-versed in the art of sabotage, had eluded them and laughed behind their backs as he went about his Pimpernel acts and harassed the enemy from the rear.

Here indeed was a man to rally the Kachins, if he could be persuaded that it would be in the

interests of his people to join forces with the new Government of Burma. Long into the night we talked and it was clear to me that many obstacles had to be overcome before firm decisions could be reached.

"Rusty" was not in the least concerned or nervous about any threat from the East. To him the Yunnanese were no more than crude bandits. Sinlumkaba was an armed camp, his men trained to the hilt by this ex-major of the Burma Rifles. But could the Kachins remain in isolation once Burma became a Republic and the last vestige of British influence disappeared for ever? Only a month or two remained before this would happen. What then?

Two days later I was none the wiser as I said good-bye to the comfort of the Shan Lones' remote home in the mountains. It was time to go.

As I was getting into my jeep Rusty gave me an invitation to return. "Come back soon, Colonel," he said, opening his arms wide as if offering me to share his whole domain. Then he added: "And I'll guarantee at any time to give you the choice of four different brands of whisky."

Driving slowly down the steep hillsides towards the Irrawaddy plain, I speculated on what the future held for these wonderful fighting men who had fought side by side with us and often, at great risk to themselves, sheltered our parachutists and hidden our agents. Would Rusty be persuaded to enter politics and lead his people as a statesman, or would he turn bandit chieftain, defy the Burmese and take toll from the caravans which enter Burma from China through his homeland?

By the time a unified Burma came about and the Kachin people had agreed to form part of it I was back in London immersed in a new job which had nothing to do with the Far East. I suppose I could have found out from the Burmese Embassy whether Rusty had entered politics, but this I failed to do, and it was thirteen years later that the name of Major Shan Lone cropped up.

Of all most unlikely places in the world it was in the Katanga that I learned news of Rusty. The Burmese Government had sent one of their senior soldiers as a token contribution to the forces of the United Nations in the Congo, and on hearing of his arrival as Chief of Staff to Colonel Harry Byrne, then commanding the UN forces in the Katanga, I sought out Colonel Ye Gaung in Elisabethville. He got the surprise of his life when I greeted him in his own language in a place so remote from his native land. Smoking one of his cheroots I learnt much of what had happened over the years since I had sailed down the Irrawaddy, and he told me that Rusty was indeed in the Government. Major Shan Lone, MC, was a Cabinet Minister and responsible for all the frontier peoples.

Perhaps after all I may yet take up his invitation and travel the long road again into the hills. Who knows?

IV. Extract from **"The Chindit War"** by Brig. Shelford Bidwell (p 182)
(regarding the signal dated March 28, 1944 from Gen.Wingate to Maj. Shan Lone)

"A slight but unfortunate misunderstanding arose here. During the dispersal period (after the battle at Nahpaw, Myitkyina District), Shan Lone sent off a signal direct to special Force full of alarm

and demanding help urgently. He was perhaps within his rights in sending off his message. He was certainly wrong in not clearing it with Herring (Dah Force Commander). It caught the eye of Wingate, who banged off one of his thoughtless signals, "as from GOC". He reassured Shan Lone, telling him that three powerful columns were on their way (Morris Force) to help him. Unfortunately, Shan Lone was misled into believing that the role of Morris Force was meant to be defensive: a shield against Japanese reprisals. 'It was hard to make him realise after this that Morris Force was an operational force directed against the enemy', said Herring, and not a protection for the Levies and the SOE (Special Operations Executive Force 136) base area. (Herrings' fascinating report, passim)."

V. **Burma Officer Defends Wingate** by Bruce Loudon (from the Daily Telegraph, 17September 1980)

General Orde Wingate, whose Chindit forces dropped behind Japanese lines in Burma during the Second World War, was misunderstood and his strategy misrepresented, and without him Burma would never have been liberated from the Japanese.

This is the view of Major Shan Lone 68, one of only three surviving Burmese officers who were in the vanguard of the Chindits whose task was to harass the Japanese and prepare for the advance of General Slim's 14th Army.

Major Shan has retired recently from a senior post in the Burmese Civil Service. Now he has time to contemplate recent criticism about Wingate and his tactics, especially in a new book on the Burma campaign.

Major Shan, his eyes sparkling, is angry about blame apportioned to Wingate for what are claimed to have been unreasonably high casualties in the Chindit operations. "If there was a fault it lies with General Stilwell and his Americans and the Chinese Kuomintang forces," Major Shan told me in Rangoon.

"Stilwell was supposed to be coming down the Assam-Ledo road in a link-up operation, and it was because he took so long that there were additional casualties: blame the Americans.

Medal for gallantry

"There were already two divisions behind enemy lines. Slim was on his way with the 14th Army. But where the hell was Stilwell? That was the question."

Major Shan contends that, but for the Chindit operations the Japanese might have been successful in the battle for Imphal and the whole course of the war could have been changed.

Major Shan was dropped in his native Kachin tribal area to prepare for the arrival in strengths of the Chindits. Earlier he had been in the retreat from the far south of Burma near the Thai border and for his gallantry he won the M.C. Later he was also awarded the O.B.E.

Burma indeed shows little gratitude to the Chindits and the men of the 14th Army. There are no memorials and not even ex-Servicemen's associations outside those officially sponsored by the country's socialist Government.

"It's sad," says a member of the British Embassy staff who has only recently arrived. "I was in the 14th Army and I look around me all the time for something that will help me with my memories, but it's simply not there. Whenever I think I'm getting close to something it seems to move away."

VI. **Awards, Orders, Titles &Decorations**

1. In May 1942 was decorated with the Military Cross (M.C.) for gallantry in the field of action against the Japanese during World War II at Myigyaung Ye, Magwe District, Central Burma.

2. On January 4, 1945 was awarded Member of the Order of the British Empire (Military Division) M.B.E., by the British Government for distinguished services during the Second World War.

3. On December 20, 1949 was promoted to Officer of the Order of the British Empire (O.B.E.).

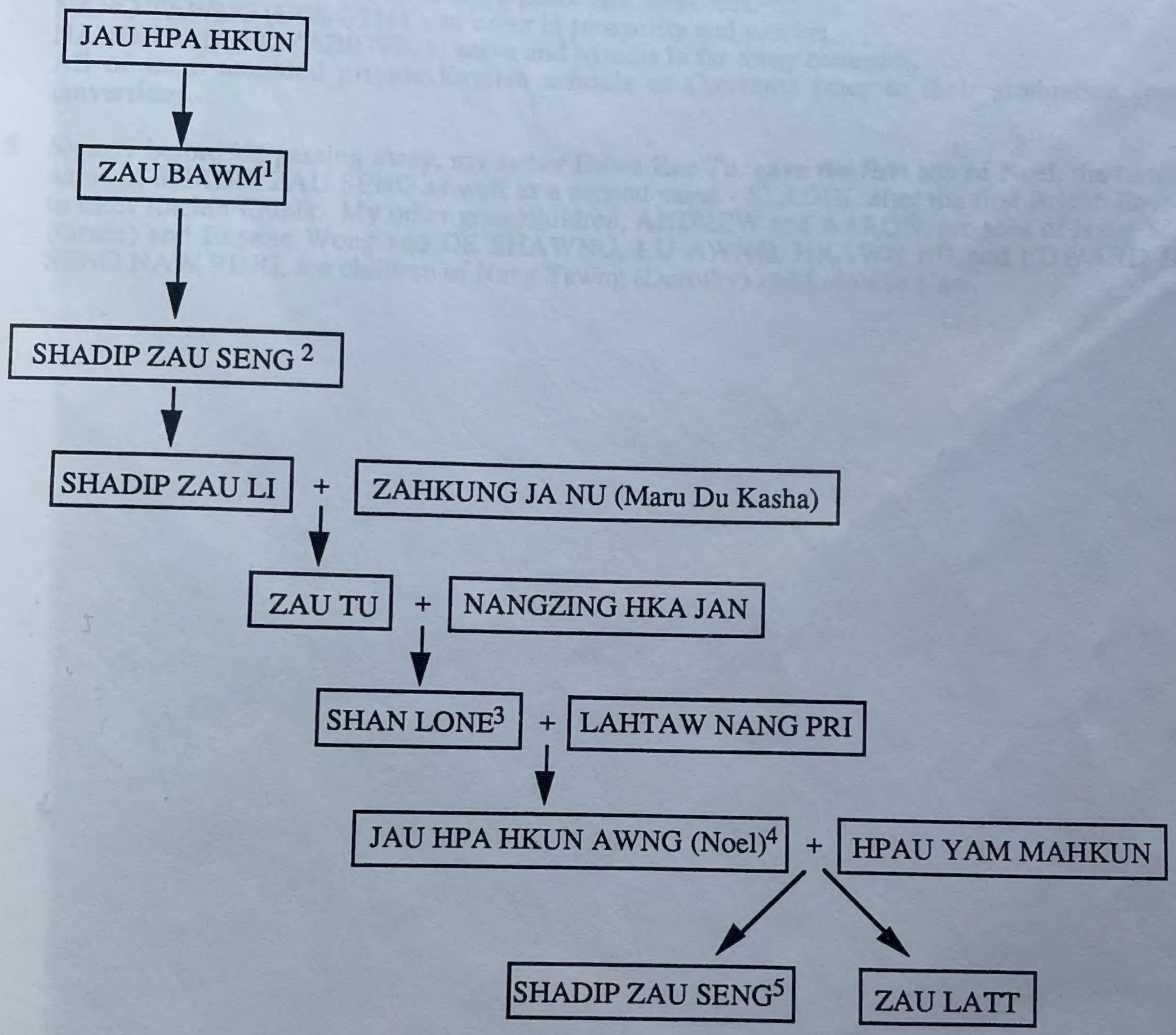
4. Mentioned in Despatches of the London Gazette for meritorious services during World War II.

5. On January 1, 1949 awarded the Order of Maha Thray Sithu by President Sao Shwe Thaik for outstanding services during the historic Panglong Conference held in February 1947 and in the formation of State Ministries of Shan and Kachin States after Independence in 1948.

6. On June 7, 1980 awarded the title of Naing-Ngant Gon-Yi, Class I, plus a monetary grant of Kyats 30,000 and monthly allowance of Kyats 600 per month, for outstanding service rendered during the Burma-China Boundary Commission of 1960-62.

* Retired from government service on 17 May 1974 after 38 years of loyal service.

SHAN LONE FAMILY TREE



1 Founded SinlumKaba village

2 Together with some important Kachin chiefs, made friendship feast with British Envoy Col. SLADIN. The night after the feast SHADIP ZAU SENG had a dream that many big white fish were caught in the mouth of the 'rit'(fish basket), facing down-stream. The dream was interpreted to mean that his descendants would gain prosperity through association with white men from down-stream.

3 Brothers & sisters:- KHUN NAWNG, NANG BANG, NANG DOI, ZAU NENG, ZAU YAW, ZAU AWNG, HTU RAW and SENG TAWNG (5 still living to day)

4 God blessed my wife and I with five children. Their grandfather Duwa Zau Tu gave them names portent with references to our ancestral heritage and hopes for their bright future. Hence:
JAUHPA KHUN AUNG (NOEL), after our great-grandfather Jauhpa Khun,
NANG MAI (GRACE), to be graceful,
NANG NEM (MARGARET), to bring peace and meekness,
NANG TAWNG (DOROTHY), to usher in prosperity and success,
NANG TSAN (ELIZABETH), to serve and witness in far-away countries,
All of them attended private English schools or Convents prior to their graduation from universities.

5 Shortly before his passing away, my father Duwa Zau Tu, gave the first son of Noel, the family name of SHADIP ZAU SENG as well as a second name - SLADIN, after the first British Envoy to meet Kachin Chiefs. My other grandchildren, ANDREW and AARON, are sons of Nang Mai (Grace) and Eugene Wong and DE SHAWNG, LU AWNG, HKAWN BU and EDWARD JA SENG NAW RING, are children of Nang Tawng (Dorothy) and Labya Je Naw.